

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 272.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1837.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## I THOUGHT IT MY DUTY.

People are very often heard to say, "I thought it my duty to do such a thing." It too frequently happens that what they thought it their duty to do, was some mischief, which lay ten miles out of their way. At a fair computation, fully one-half of the bad things done, out of the ranks of the avowedly vicious, are done under the impulse of a sense of duty. Decentish people in the middle and higher walks of life, rarely do any harm from ill-meaning—at least none that gives much trouble to their fellow-creatures. It is only when they are acting under what they deem very lofty motives, that they occasion any mischief worth speaking of. So much mischief, however, is thus occasioned, that the world is kept in a constant broil by conscientious actions.

A very common use of the phrase, "I thought it my duty," refers to some unpleasing communication. One man thinks it his duty to inform his friend that some person or persons have been speaking evilly of him, or under-valuing some pursuit in which he is engaged. Another thinks it his duty to warn some person against some person. Another thinks it his duty to administer a point-blank reproof to some one with whose conduct he has been displeased. It too often happens, that, instead of being prompted by a pure sense of duty, such communications are the result of some inferior feelings, which have only taken the guise of conscientiousness; at least, it is rarely that such communications are made in a prudent and kindly manner. Hence, it is not surprising, that, so far from producing the apparently desired benefit, they only aggrieve the feelings of the individual who is the object of them, and introduce dispeace and rancour where formerly all was going on in the common course of things. The number of officious interferences, prompted in the same way, and ending in the same results, is beyond all calculation. It is quite possible for one person thus to drive a whole circle of friends to distraction—under a sense of duty.

In public affairs, the same phenomenon is daily to be observed. In the present constitution of society, there are a good many rights and wrongs, and the most of people are attached to one or other of them, the real absolute right and wrong being in the mean time confounded and half dormant under the cloud of pretended ones. The actings and modes of acting, accordingly, which men feel to be justified by a sense of duty, are very various and frequently quite opposite; so that we have, upon the whole, a very amusing scene presented to us in the public world. One man, acting with a due and most conscientious regard to his right and wrong, appears to another as an ill-disposed and wicked person. The general actions of all men are defended as right by one set of people, and condemned as wrong by another. And still there is always the more mischief, the more loudly the man tells us that he acts under a high sense of duty, simply because, the higher his sense of duty, it will self-justify him in the greater departure from natural propriety. It is curious, that, in ordinary good actions, as succouring the poor, and visiting the afflicted, no man ever thinks it necessary to proclaim that he thought it his duty to do so. It is only when he has done something which the secret consciousness of absolute right and wrong tells him to be not quite what it should be, that he uses the phrase. The thing which he thought it his duty to do, is of course something which only appears right to one of his sophisticated consciences, of which the most of people have a good many. It might be no bad sport, when any one begins with, "I thought it my duty," to break in with such a version of what he did as the absolute natural

conscience would suggest. Thus, we might have a series of sentences, much in the manner of cross-readings, as, for instance—

"I yesterday thought it my duty—to calumniate an innocent person in a public place, and mark him out as an object of popular detestation."

"My agent has written from the country to mention that several of my tenants have become very restive on certain points: I thought it my duty—to order them to be oppressed by all the means in my agent's power."

"In a pamphlet which I am about to publish, I have thought it my duty—to represent my opponent as the blackest and basest of men."

"In canvassing for the lucrative office which fell vacant the other day, I thought it my duty to my family—to use all the shabby and oblique arts I could devise for the purpose of gaining my point."

This last form of the sense of duty is a very familiar one. Whenever a man speaks of his duty to his family as a reason for a certain course of conduct, there is no room to doubt that the conduct in question is something awfully bad. Men who defend their conduct by a reference to their duty to their families, require to be carefully looked after. A lioness seeking supplies for her young, is scarcely a more dangerous customer. The absolute conscience of the man makes him half aware that he is prosecuting some improper object, or using, in the prosecution of it, some improper means; in this dilemma, he recollects that it will be for the benefit of his family to do so, and, knowing that all men have a sympathy in one's solicitude for one's family, he eagerly adopts this as a reason perfectly satisfactory both to himself and the world. For paltry circumventions in business, bidding for land and houses over a neighbour's head, or anticipating a friend in some speculation of his own suggestion, "I thought it my duty to my family" is an excuse precluding all further discussion. Who can blame a man for providing for his own? It is rather curious that the individuals who act thus from a supposed duty to their families, never think of the corresponding injury which they are doing to the families of their neighbours. If the question were pushed thus far, the genuine selfishness which formed the real motive, would appear. "Oh, every man must look to himself," would be the exclamation of the hardened offender, as he stood unblushingly at bay. Mankind, however, are not so far enlightened upon this subject, as to be able to put such questions. Their sympathies respond so readily to the appearance of a solicitude for offspring, that they neither know the real character of that feeling, nor are able readily to detect the pravities which so often use it as a mask.

Expressly nothing more than a natural instinct, and quite independent of the rest of the human character, it is generally regarded as a virtue, and one of so redeeming a kind, that, if the most cruel of tyrants only shows himself at his palace windows in the act of hugging his children, he is held excused for the devastation of a kingdom. Even where this feeling has acted as the real motive for an improper action, it forms no excuse whatever: where it is only held up as a pretext, by way of covering a worse motive, it adds deceitfulness to another kind of guilt.

Since men so often go wrong when acting under what they suppose to be a sense of duty, it will naturally be asked, How are they to avoid such errors, and how are they to make sure that any notion of duty that may arise in their minds is a right one. It would require an elaborate treatise to exhibit a complete divarication of the genuine conscience from the mock ones which result from circumstances and from selfish in-

stincts; but in the meantime something less may suffice. There is an excellent old rule which says, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Upon the whole, if men in general acted under a complete sense of all the bearings of this precept, the humble moralist of these pages would not be so apt, as he now is, to smile, upon hearing one of his fellows say, "I thought it my duty."

## MAGAZINE DAY.\*

"MAGAZINE DAY" is a sort of monthly era in the history of a London bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine Day can only be said fairly to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the width and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town, as periodical literature on that day.

The point from which the magazines and other periodicals all start when their distribution is about to take place, is Paternoster Row, which, with that fondness for brevity of expression so characteristic of the people of London, is invariably called "the Row." The Row is not only the great, but may be said to be the only emporium of periodical literature on Magazine Day. Most persons unacquainted with the London bibliopolic trade, fancy that every bookseller in town, who receives an order for a certain periodical from the country, must go for it direct to the particular publisher of that periodical. This is not the fact. The party receiving the order sends at once to the Row, where he gets the periodical in question, and where he gets, at the same time, all the other periodicals which other customers may have ordered. If he had to go for each periodical to the place of publication, he would find it impossible to get through his business, if of any extent, with the requisite expedition, as the publishers of such works are scattered in all directions throughout the metropolis. Only fancy a person having to go, say from the middle of the city, first to a house in Leadenhall Street for the "Asiatic Journal," and then westward to Regent Street for "Fraser's Magazine," "Bentley's Miscellany," or the "Metropolitan Magazine." Instead of this, however, he has only to go direct to the Row, where he at once gets, from the house he is in the habit of dealing with, all the periodicals for which he may have orders.

The actual publishers of periodicals, therefore, have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the sale of their respective works on Magazine Day, and they seldom have even any idea of the actual number sold of their own publications on that day. I have known instances in which the proprietors of some new periodical, or the new proprietors of some old one, have been extremely anxious to know the effects of the expenditure of a very large sum of money in advertisements, and yet have not been able to form the least idea on the subject on Magazine Day. The plan adopted by the publishers of periodicals, is to send to the various wholesale houses in the Row large quantities of their respective works, either on the evening before or

\* This article is contributed by the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c.

early in the morning of Magazine Day. Different houses receive different quantities, according to the relative amount of business done. These houses all take them on the condition that the unsold copies shall be returned. They have a small commission on the number sold, over and above the regular trade allowance of twenty-five per cent. This enables them to supply the trade on the same terms as if each periodical were purchased direct from its publisher. These wholesale houses in the Row scarcely ever, by chance, meet with any other customers than the trade; and, consequently, they never get full price for any magazine or other periodical they vend.

The number of these wholesale houses in the Row is not great. Including those whose business is chiefly confined to the cheap publications, it does not exceed a dozen. The leading houses are not above half a dozen in number. The quantity of business which some of these houses go through on Magazine Day is immense. I know one house which draws, on an average, from £1200 to £1500. Only fancy the number of periodicals, varying from sixpence to three shillings and sixpence, which must be turned over from the shelves of the establishment to the hands of the purchasers, before such a sum of money could be taken! The house to which I refer, disposes of from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty of some of the more popular periodicals. The business done on Magazine Day is all in ready money. There are no credit transactions whatever. The best customers know that, without money, they will not be supplied, and consequently no credit is either asked for or expected.

The constant bustle kept up from morning till night in these wholesale houses, exceeds any thing of which a person who has not witnessed it could form any conception. The premises are full of young men and boys, all struggling for a priority of "supply." I have often seen as many as fifty or sixty wedged into a shop of the ordinary size. What between the rapid and noisy movement of their feet on the floor—the clinking of sovereigns, and shillings, and pence, on the counter—the quarrelling among themselves—the loud announcement of the names of the works supplied, and the amount of money to which each person's order comes, by the parties behind the counter, and the calls by the customers for the different publications wanted—what between all these discordant sounds, kept up without one moment's intermission, a stranger becomes literally stupefied before he has been many minutes in the place. Any thing more confused, either to the eye or the ear, it were difficult to conceive. I have often thought that some of the houses in the Row would furnish a fine example, on Magazine Day, of a miniature Babel. The unfortunate persons doomed to spend that day behind the counter, undergo an incredible amount of hardship. Negro slavery, under its worst aspects, never exhibited any thing to parallel the labour and fatigue which these persons are fated to encounter. The only thing that sustains them, is the consideration that the day happens only once a month. I am satisfied that a week consecutively of such labour as is undergone in these houses on Magazine Day, would be more than the strongest constitution could endure.

To a person unacquainted with such matters, who chanced to spend a few minutes in a large house in the Row on Magazine Day, all that he heard would be quite unintelligible. The individuals ordering periodicals scarcely ever call the periodicals they wish to procure by their proper names. The love of brevity, to which I have already referred, is observable in every word they utter. The "Gentleman's Magazine" never gets any other name than the "Gents." "Tait's Magazine" is simply "Tait." The "New Monthly Magazine" is the "New Month." The "Metropolitan Magazine" is abbreviated to the first three letters, with the addition of an s. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" is the "Ency Brit." The "Court Magazine" is the "Courts;" the "Lady's Magazine and Museum" is reduced to the dissyllable of "Ladies;" so that it is quite common to hear one person sing out, in one breath, "two Gents," "six Taits," "four Blackwood," "dozen Chambers" (meaning monthly parts), "three New Months," "three Metts," "one Court," and "two Ladies." But to form some idea of the ludicrous effect which such unintelligible jargon must have in the ears of a stranger, it will be necessary that the reader imagine to himself that a battery of such terms, levelled, if I may use the expression, at the parties behind the

counter, is kept up incessantly by fifteen or twenty persons at once.

The incessant bustle kept up from morning till night in these houses in the Row, coupled with the crowds of persons, chiefly young men, who are always in them, afford excellent opportunities to those youths who may be disposed to exercise their light-fingered capabilities. Handkerchiefs often disappear from one's pockets on such occasions; but when it chances to be a rainy day, and umbrellas are in requisition, the possessors of such articles will require to keep what is called a sharp look-out if they mean to retain them for their own use. A few years since, I had occasion, on a rainy Magazine Day, to be in one of the wholesale houses in the Row. I laid down an excellent silk umbrella while I paid for a magazine; it instantly vanished. I mentioned the circumstance to one of the proprietors of the establishment: his answer was, "Oh, sir, every body must take care of himself on Magazine Day." While mortified at the circumstance, I could not help admiring the remarkable dexterity with which the theft had been committed. I hung the article on the counter, close beside me, and I am sure half a dozen seconds could not have elapsed before I discovered that it was gone.

Magazine Day always occurs on the last day of the month, except when that last day happens on a Sunday. In such a case, Magazine Day takes place on the Saturday. The appearance of the Row on such days, exhibits a remarkable contrast to what it does on any other day of the month. On other days of the month, the Row has a dull aspect. You only meet with a single individual at distances of from twenty to thirty yards. The place has quite a deserted appearance. Very different is it on Magazine Day. Then you see crowds of persons, chiefly young men, flying about in all directions, with bags thrown over their shoulders, either partially or wholly filled with "Mags," as the case chances to be. They could not appear in greater haste though they were running to save their lives.

I have referred to the quantity of business done in one of the largest houses in the Row on Magazine Day. What the entire number of periodicals which are sold by the booksellers in the Row on that day is, I have no data by which I can arrive at a positive conclusion; but, from calculations I have made, I should think the number of periodicals which issue from the Row, on the last day of every month, cannot be much under fifty thousand; and I should think the entire sum received over the counter for these, is not less than £7000 or £8000.

The Row is well adapted for being the emporium of literature. It is exactly in the centre of London, being in the immediate vicinity of St Paul's. And yet, while thus in the very centre of this great and busy metropolis, it is, as I have said before, so very quiet, except on Magazine Day, that, if a stranger were taken from the country, and dropped down into it blindfolded, he would, on opening his eyes, conclude that he was in some small provincial town. The Row is almost exclusively occupied by booksellers and stationers. The only premises of any note possessed by any other tradesman, are those occupied by a candle-maker. I have often thought it a pity that he could not be induced by some means or other to go and manufacture his rushlights, his sixes, &c., in some other quarter. The association between tallow and literature is quite an odd one.

I have said that Magazine Day is a sort of era in the history of the bibliopolic trade; so it is also in that of another class of persons—I mean authors of books and contributors to periodicals. Every Magazine Day, by ten o'clock, authors are attracted to the Row, from all parts of the metropolis, to see what is said of their productions in the literary notices; while contributors, or rather would-be contributors, are drawn to the same locality, to see whether their articles are inserted, or whether they can read their fate in the notices to correspondents. Neither authors who expect their books to be reviewed, nor candidates for admission into magazines, have resolution to wait till the periodicals are regularly published. Their anxiety to ascertain their doom, in such cases, is so intense, that they will rather walk from the most distant parts of London to the Row—the magazines being here first seen—than wait for two or three hours till brought to them. When the result is agreeable, they do not regret their early rising, or the distance they have walked; when it is otherwise, they reproach themselves with their folly in having tormented themselves before the time.

Magazine Day is not confined to the metropolitan circulation of periodical literature. On that day, works of this class are collected for all parts of the country, and sent off in packages by the earliest conveyance. Since the late establishment of steam communication between London and almost every port of any importance in the kingdom, the periodicals which first see the light in the Row, on Magazine Day, are

in the hands of readers in the remotest parts of the country in less than a week. The quantity of literature thus sent off in monthly parcels to the country is immense, and has been vastly increased since the introduction of cheap publications into the bibliopolic market.

#### EMIGRATION ON A LARGE SCALE.

DURING last session of Parliament, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the different conditions on which land is, or has been, disposed of in the British colonies, with a view to ascertain what mode would be most beneficial both to the colonies and to the mother country. The evidence taken before that committee, together with a report founded thereon, have since been published, and contain much interesting and important matter connected with the subject of emigration.

There are very many persons belonging to the poorer classes in Britain, and vast numbers in Ireland, who would gladly emigrate to one or other of our colonies, if they could find means to transport themselves thither, but who, for want of money to pay for their passage, are compelled to remain at home, overstocking the market of labour, and thereby lowering the wages and diminishing the comforts of the class to which they belong. While the advancement of the colonies is retarded for lack of a sufficient number of labourers, recent inquiries into the condition of the poor in Ireland have ascertained that there are in that country *two millions three hundred thousand individuals*, for whose labour there is no demand for thirty weeks in the year; and that such is the prevalence of poverty and destitution, that no poor-law for the relief of all the necessities can be established in Ireland until the enormous mass of pauperism existing there has been diminished by extensive emigration, or the employment of a portion of the population in public works. Nor does a surplus of labour exist in Ireland only; England shares in the evil, and finds itself obliged, in order to check the ruinous increase of poor-rates, to shut up, not only aged and infirm, but even able-bodied paupers, in workhouses, where many, whose labour would be valuable in our foreign settlements, have to lead a life most unpleasant to themselves, and worse than unprofitable to the general community.

Such being the actual state of matters, it is evident that, if a method could be found of gratifying the wishes of those of the poor and industrious classes who are desirous of emigrating, without putting the nation to a single shilling of expense for their conveyance to our healthful and rising colonies in Australia or Canada, an important benefit would be conferred, first, on the emigrants themselves, who would be transferred from a land in which they could find no proper field for their exertions, to one where their industry would speedily procure for them comfort and independence; secondly, on the colonies to which they were sent, and to which their labour would be in the highest degree advantageous; and, thirdly, on the mother country, by restoring the balance between supply and demand in the market for labour, and relieving the community from the burden of supporting paupers those who were thus removed. But how, it may be asked, is this to be accomplished? How are people who have no money of their own to be conveyed across the Atlantic, nay, even to the antipodes, without expense to the nation? The select committee of which we have spoken above, have in their report given an answer to this question. They state, that they "conceive that it would be perfectly practicable to raise, upon the security of the future land sales [in the colonies], the funds necessary to set on foot a plan of systematic emigration, upon a scale sufficiently large to meet the exigencies of the colonies and of the mother country."

The large sum annually drawn from the sale of waste lands in the United States, shows how fruitful a source of revenue such sales may become, under judicious regulations. The produce of the land sales in the States, from 1795 till 1836, amounted to nearly twelve millions and a half of pounds sterling, having advanced progressively during that period from about one thousand pounds sterling to upwards of two millions sterling per annum (being the amount realised in 1835)—a sum considerably larger than the whole public expenditure of that country. And from the evidence given before the select committee, it appears that exacting a price for waste lands, varied of course according to the circumstances of the district instead of granting ground to settlers for nothing, at a merely nominal price, is the best mode of promoting the prosperity of a colony or new settlement. On this subject many very interesting statements were made to the committee—all of them tending to prove that the cause of the failure or little success of many of the colonisation projects of modern times, is to be found in the too great facilities afforded to settlers to become landed proprietors; for no man will hire himself to be the servant of another, when he can with ease become a master himself. Thus, all become masters, or, more properly speaking, every man is compelled to be his

own servant. It is clear, that, in a country where this practice prevails, it must be long before general comfort can be established.

The most remarkable example which has been furnished in recent times of the evil of giving too great facilities to the acquisition of land in new colonies, is furnished by the fate of the Swan River settlement in Western Australia. Mr Wakefield, one of the witnesses examined before the select committee, gave the following account of the progress and most unfortunate result of that undertaking:—"The colony has not quite perished, but the population is a great deal less than the number of emigrants; it has been a diminishing population since its foundation. The greater part of the capital which was taken out, has disappeared, and a great portion of the labourers taken out have emigrated to Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. The many disasters which befel this Swan River colony, and the second emigration of the people who went out, appear to me to be accounted for at once by the manner in which the land was granted. The first grant consisted of five hundred thousand acres to an individual, Mr Peel. That grant was marked out upon the map in England—five hundred thousand acres were taken round about the port of landing-place. It was quite impossible for Mr Peel to cultivate five hundred thousand acres, or a hundredth part of the grant; but others were of course necessitated to go beyond his grant, in order to take their land; so that the first operation in that colony was to create a great desert, to mark out a large tract of land, and to say, 'this is a desert; no man shall come here; no man shall cultivate this land.' So far dispersion was produced, because, upon the terms on which Mr Peel obtained his land, land was given to the others. The governor took another hundred thousand acres, another person took eighty thousand acres; and the dispersion was so great, that at last the settlers did not know where they were; that is, each settler knew that he was where he was, but he could not tell where any one else was; and, therefore, he did not know his own position. That was the reason why some people died of hunger; for though there was an ample supply of food at the governor's house, the settlers did not know where the governor was, and the governor did not know where the settlers were. The labourers who were taken out under contracts or engagements, which assured them of very high wages if they would labour during a certain time for wages, finding they could acquire land easily, immediately laughed at their masters. Mr Peel carried out altogether about three hundred persons, men, women, and children. Of those three hundred persons, about sixty were able labouring men. In six months after his arrival, he had nobody even to make his bed for him, or to fetch him water from the river. He was obliged to make his own bed and to fetch water for himself, and to light his own fire. All the labourers had left him. The capital, therefore, which he took out, namely, implements of husbandry, seeds and stock, especially stock, immediately perished; without shepherds to take care of the sheep, the sheep wandered and were lost; eaten by the native dogs, killed by the natives, and by some of the other colonists, very likely by his own workmen; his seeds perished on the beach; his houses were of no use; his wooden houses were there in frame, in pieces, but could not be put together, and were therefore quite useless, and rotted on the beach. This was the case with the capitalists generally. The labourers, obtaining land very readily, and running about to fix upon locations for themselves, and to establish themselves independently, very soon separated themselves into isolated families, into what may be termed cottiers, with a very large extent of land. Every one was separated, and very soon fell into the greatest distress. Falling into the greatest distress, they returned to their master, and insisted upon the fulfilment of the agreements upon which they had gone out; but then Mr Peel said, 'All my capital is gone; you have ruined me by deterring me, by breaking your engagements; and you now insist upon my observing the engagements when you yourselves have deprived me of the means of doing so.' They wanted to hang him, and he ran away to a distance, where he secreted himself for a time, till they were carried off to Van Diemen's Land, where they obtained food, and where, by the way, land was not obtainable with so great facility as at the Swan River."

Throughout the whole of his evidence, Mr Wakefield insists with much earnestness upon the necessity of combination of labour, in order to ensure the success of any scheme of colonisation. "In looking back," he says, "to the history of colonisation, I have had occasion to change a strong preconceived opinion. I had believed, in common with the greater number of persons who have thought at all upon the subject, that new colonies are generally very prosperous societies; whereas I now know, that of the colonies planted by the states of modern Europe, the greater number, that is, more than half, have entirely perished, have disappeared from the face of the earth; and that of those which did not perish, the greater number by far suffered during their infancy the utmost privations and hardships. I am not aware of a single instance in which an infant colony, planted in a country where there was a great extent of unoccupied land, was such a society as deserved to be called prosperous, until many years after its establishment."

To remedy this evil, Mr Wakefield, and other

witnesses who were examined before the committee, are of opinion that such a price should be affixed to all waste lands in our colonies as would prevent an undue draining of the labour market by the labourers becoming proprietors, and the money thus obtained to be employed in conveying young and able-bodied emigrants of both sexes to the different colonies, by which means a constant and regulated supply of fresh labour would be afforded. There can be no doubt that this is the best possible plan that could be pursued; yet we are afraid it will be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to bring it into successful operation. The translation of labourers from Britain or Ireland to Upper Canada, on the great scale which is proposed, would never answer, because the United States are quite at hand, and there labour is better remunerated than in Canada. Of course, this and other temptations would speedily clear Canada of its labourers, in spite of all the bargains and contracts that could be entered into. We should, indeed, consider that the giving of a free passage to emigrants to Canada, would be precisely equivalent to making a present of so many citizens to the United States. On this account, the plan could only work to advantage in reference to Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. But then, how mismanagement and jobbing are to be prevented in such a magnificent undertaking—how the public are to be biassed in favour of such a wholesale system of emigration—how intending emigrants are to be induced to give their confidence to a new scheme after so many other schemes have failed—are questions which it would puzzle a conjuror to answer.

#### YOUNG NAPOLEON.

The story of this youth's brief and unequalled existence possesses a deep, though in some degree painful, interest. A course of policy over which he had no control, and the propriety of which it is no part of our present purpose to discuss, confined him through life to a strange and unnatural position, and exerted a blighting influence on his fate. From this the chief interest of the young Napoleon's history arises, and not from any incidents by which it was distinguished.

Young Napoleon was born at Paris, on the 20th March 1811. His birth was attended with danger both to the mother and the offspring, insomuch that the medical attendant, man of the first celebrity in his profession, lost courage, and was afraid to do what was necessary. At this juncture, the Emperor Napoleon appeared in the apartment, and commanded him to proceed as if the patient were the wife of an ordinary burgess. Every thing subsequently went on well, and the emperor in a short time had the satisfaction of presenting his infant son to the assembled officers of the imperial court, by whom the child was hailed "King of Rome"—the title which had been destined for him. At the same moment, the citizens of Paris were informed of the birth of an heir to the empire, by the reverberations of a hundred cannon, which was the signal pre-appointed.

When this event took place, the power of Napoleon was at its height, and the empire, of which the newly-born infant was the undisputed heir-apparent, was the mightiest, certainly, to which any human being had ever had the prospect of succeeding. Reverses, however, one after another, began to shake this great power, even while the unconscious heir to it was passing his infant days in the lap of pomp and adulation. In 1814, the Empress Maria Louisa, who had been left in Paris, while the emperor was engaged against the allied armies, conceived it necessary to leave the capital with her son, then three years old, on account of the approach of the enemy. This was the first time that the changes of the period had affected the boy, and he, according to Sir Walter Scott, "is said to have shown an unwillingness to depart, which, in a child, seemed to have something ominous in it;" as if he foreboded, young as he was, that there would be no return. Such was indeed the case; he never saw his father again. On Napoleon's abdication, and removal to Elba, Maria Louisa was not permitted to go with him, but was taken, along with her child, to the court of her father, the Emperor of Austria. Neither by negotiation, nor by stratagem, could Napoleon ever afterwards procure the restoration of his wife and child.

Though carried to Austria when little more than four years old, the previous life of the young Napoleon had been passed amid scenes of too striking a nature not to leave on his mind some deep impressions. His intelligence, moreover, was precocious, and his manners so grave and reflective, that it was a remark of the people about him, that he "never was a child." Not being of a communicative disposition, he did not talk himself, as ordinary children would have done, out of the recollections of former days. They lay treasured in the heart of the forlorn, and only saw the light in a moment of excitement. One day, for example, when in the midst of the imperial family, one of the Austrian archdukes showed him a silver medal that had been struck in honour of himself, and asked him if he knew whose image was impressed on it. "It is I," said the boy proudly, "when I was King of Rome." The remembrance of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor M. Foresti,

were constantly present to his mind. From his infancy a love of truth distinguished him, and he used to pronounce the very word *truth* with an air and gesture of solemnity, which frequently made those about him smile. On observing this, he showed his self-command by silently desisting from the use of the word.

In another particular, he evinced the remarkable strength of his early impressions. No entreaties, advices, or commands, could at first prevail upon him to begin the study of the German tongue, which was the first instruction attempted to be communicated to him. He would not even pronounce a word of the language, and maintained this resolution a long time for one so young. When prevailed on at last to begin, he mastered the tongue with uncommon ease and rapidity. M. Foresti, the tutor who remained with him for many years, informs us that the reasoning powers of the young Napoleon were strongly developed even at this period. He yielded a point always on conviction, but only on conviction. He was good-natured to his inferiors, and friendly to his tutors, though without any lively expression of his feelings, "thinking always a great deal more than he said." He received reprimands with firmness, and soon acknowledged their justice, though perhaps annoyed at the time.

Such was the character in boyhood of young Napoleon, as described by M. Foresti, who, along with M. Collins, a German writer of talent, had the charge of his early instruction at Schoenbrunn. As the boy's mind opened, a difficulty came in the way, which kept his tutors (says M. Foresti) "in a species of torture." This was the incessant interrogation of them by the youth respecting his father. The Emperor of Austria, on learning the state of matters, gave the teachers permission to speak freely—a wise step, as the event showed. For a short time, the boy drank from the newly-opened fountain, as if his thirst was insatiable. "He overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas perfectly surprising. After a few days, he seemed satisfied with what he had heard, and became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connection with his father's fall." When he was ten years of age, the news of his father's death reached Schoenbrunn. The boy wept bitterly when the intelligence was communicated to him, and his sadness endured for several days.

After his elementary education was completed, and studies of a higher nature entered upon, the bent of young Napoleon's mind began to develop itself. Of all the classical works, in the dead languages, laid before him, he took heartily only to the warlike commentaries of Cesar. Indeed, so early as the age of seven, this bias to military pursuits had been shown, and the emperor, though intending him originally for the church, had indulged him with the uniform of a private. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. Before the commissions appointed to watch over his educational progress, he showed extraordinary aptitude, and many of the performances and essays which he prepared for these examinations, are said to have presented tokens of remarkable genius. They are written in Italian and other modern tongues (which he spoke and wrote with ease), and now lie in the imperial archives at Vienna.

At the age of fifteen, young Napoleon's schoolboy days may be said to have closed. After that period he was permitted access to every book without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French revolution. He read them with inconceivable avidity, and became a more perfect master of every thing that has been written on these subjects than the best informed persons around him. His collections, in French, on history and other useful subjects, are said to be immense. The liberality of the emperor furnished the pecuniary means of indulging these tastes. By an imperial decree, he was created Duke of Reichstadt, and endowed with Bohemian estates yielding £20,000 sterling, and latterly he had a separate household, with the rank of an Austrian prince. But though his slightest wish was gratified; though he was supplied to excess with books, horses, and equipages; though he was surrounded with attendants and instructors; he was still, in a social sense, in solitude. This was the product of policy, not unkindness; for his grandfather, the emperor, showed always a strong affection for him. In fact, the youth may be said to have given his own assent to the mode of life we have described. After he had reached what was considered a fit age, the minister Metternich, at the emperor's request, gave the son of Napoleon, in a series of interviews, the Austrian version of the history of his father, which had the anticipated effect on the youth's noble and ingenuous mind. His confidence was entirely won, and this had the practical result of rendering all those attempts abortive, which were frequently made by adventurers desirous of engaging the youth in political schemes. He is reported to have said to the emperor and Metternich, "The essential object of my life ought to be to make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer!" The example of Prince Eugène, who won high military fame without the stain of ambition, was set before the young Napoleon.

A deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, author of several military works, has given some interesting notices of the subject of our memoir, to whom he was introduced at the emperor's table. This introduction was followed by an intimacy, permitted by the emperor, which appears to have afforded a vast degree of pleasure to the prince. To have a friend, not of his suite, seemed like putting one foot into the world. In all their conversations, M. Prokesch tells us, the theme of the youth was the career of his father, of whom he spoke with deep and passionate admiration. Speaking of his parent's achievements, the prince warmed into eloquence and enthusiasm, and took on all occasions grand and comprehensive views of the

subjects of his discourse. To M. Prokesch the prince appeared devoured by the desire of military fame. In the Letters on the Duke of Reichstadt (of which, though they are anonymous, M. Prokesch is understood to be the writer,) we are told that this military ardour was not without an object—that the hope and aim of young Napoleon was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed all his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded that the call would come, and find him unprepared; he, as it were, slept under arms. The revolution of the Three Days in France stimulated the prince to fresh ardour in his military studies, by opening a prospect of war in Europe. It was about this period that he gave a manuscript of singular interest to M. Prokesch to read. In this composition (says that officer), interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria; he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding those dangers, his own character, its defects, and the remedy for them; in short, he showed the clearest comprehension of his own circumstances, and how deeply he had weighed all the contingencies which it might be his lot to encounter.

The prince made his first appearance in general society at the house of Lord Cowley, the British ambassador, on the 25th January 1831. But the review, not the ball, was the stage for him. Next morning he said to a friend, "How painful and wearisome such a party is to me! What striking contrasts were assembled in that apartment! I saw about me (himself a monument of political change) two princes of the house of Bourbon, Baron Keutzing, the representative of Charles X., Marshal Maison, the ambassador of Louis Philippe, the prince Gustavus Vasa, natural heir of the throne of Sweden, and Count Lowenheim, minister of Bernadotte. For the first time I spoke with Marshal Marmont; my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation accord with his character. I am to receive him to day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen." The interview with Marmont, the only survivor of his father's early aides-de-camps, was a source of deep pleasure to the son of the marshal's ancient master. With consent of the emperor, Marmont saw the prince frequently, and read over with him, or rather read him a series of lectures on Napoleon's campaigns.

In June 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, and took command of a battalion in garrison at Vienna. His appearance about this period is thus described by the author of "Austria as it is":—"The young Napoleon is an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine-cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without deep emotion. He has not that marked, plain, and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be every where at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the extreme. He has an Arabian steed, which he strides with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. His soldiers almost adore him, and he commands with a precision and a military eye which prognosticate a future general." The bloom did not continue long on the cheek of this interesting being. His indefatigable exertions in discharge of his duties, as well as his continued studies, made the malady visible, under which he was destined to sink. He had shot up to a great height, and was seized with cough, hoarseness, and other symptoms of pulmonary disease. He was frequently found in a state of extreme lassitude, after returning from his military duties, though he almost hid himself, to prevent its being known, fearing that the comparative frequency of intercourse with his fellow men, which his military appointment had brought about, would terminate, by his being sent again into retirement. One day, his physician, Dr. Malfatti, entered, and found him lying on a sofa, completely exhausted; the prince exclaimed, "I abominate this wretched body, that sinks under my will in this manner."—"You have set, Monsieur," replied the physician, "a will of iron in a body of glass, and the indulgence of your will must be fatal." "The life of the prince was at that time, in fact," says the physician, "undergoing a process of combustion. He slept scarcely four hours, though by nature he required a great quantity of sleep; he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the menage and the different military exercises; he was, in truth, never at rest; he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became livid. To all my questions he answered, 'I am perfectly well.' The emperor was at length applied to by the physician, and the prince was sent, much against his wish, to Schoenbrunn, where he rallied surprisingly. No sooner was he better, however, than he began to visit the nearest military stations, and to hunt, as the next best thing to war. Consumptive symptoms returned with increased force, and after severe suffering, he died on the 22d of July 1832, in the bed at Schoenbrunn which his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna. On opening his body, his lungs were found almost entirely wasted away.

The prince enjoyed on his death-bed the kind attentions of a mother. When laid on his bier, his resemblance to his father became much more striking than in life, though at all times it was obvious at a glance. On considering the history of this youth, it is impossible not to feel a degree of melancholy and regret. From what has been recorded of him, it is clear that he possessed great talents—energies but too mighty for the weak frame which contained them. On his birth hung apparently the destinies of an empire, and the event was announced by the thunder of a hundred cannon, and greeted with the acclamations of millions. Though in one sense not urgently dealt with, the development both of his mind and body, at the period when nature most demands freedom of growth, was cribbed and confined, and he lived and died, under

the crushing pressure of a cold policy, little better than a captive in a foreign land. Under different circumstances, and a rational system of education capable of showing the criminality of warfare, this young man, had he been spared, would have shone forth one of the most eminent of men.

#### YANKEE HUMOUR.

AMONG the characters introduced to public notice by the unrivalled Mathews, was an American gentleman, who was extremely anxious to rebut an insinuation against his countrymen, that they "had no fun," which he proposed to do effectually by the publication of a Transatlantic Jo Miller. How such an insinuation should have been made against America, is more than we can understand, for it has always appeared to us that there is much quaintness and humour in the genuine Yankee character. Some clever person in Nova Scotia seems to be of the same opinion, for we have just received from that colony a small volume, entitled "The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville,"\* consisting of letters which originally appeared in the Nova Scotian (newspaper), and the object of which is to bring the humour of a New England clock-pedlar, mingled with his shrewd good sense, to bear upon the errors of the colonists. Of this humour we shall cull a few specimens, in the hope that its originality may excite a smile where more refined and pretentious compositions would fail to do so.

#### SOFT SAWDER AND HUMAN NATUR.

In the course of a journey which Mr Slick performs in company with the reporter of his humours, the latter asks him how, in a country so poor as Nova Scotia, he contrives to sell so many clocks. "Mr Slick paused," continues the author, "as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said, in a confidential tone, 'Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of soft sawder and human natur. But here is Deacon Flint's,' said he; 'I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.' At the gate of a most comfortable looking farm-house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of every thing about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to alight was accepted by Mr Slick, who said, 'he wished to take leave of Mrs Flint before he left Colchester.' We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, 'If I was to tell them in Connecticut, there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me—why, there aint such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dyke—† Seventy,' said the deacon, 'only seventy.' 'Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it: the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and —' 'Too old,' said the deacon, 'too old for all those speculations.' 'Old!' repeated the Clockmaker; 'not you; why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see now-a-days.' The deacon was pleased. 'Your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed; saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable. As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr Slick drew near to me, and said in an under tone, 'that is what I call soft sawder. An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture—without looking at him, Now I find—' Here his lecture on soft sawder was cut short by the entrance of Mrs Flint. 'Jist come to say good bye, Mrs Flint.' 'What, have you sold all your clocks?' 'Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles; it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake, genuine perfume; but I guess I'll take it back; and, beside, Squire Hawk might think it hard, that I did not give him the offer.' 'Dear me,' said Mrs Flint, 'I should like to see it; where is it?' 'It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store; I guess he can ship it on to Eastport.' 'That's a good man,' said Mrs Flint, 'jist let's look at it.' Mr Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he too thought it a handsome

one; but the deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch, he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. 'I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon; it ain't for sale,' said Mr Slick; 'and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it.' Mrs Flint said that Mr Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. 'It's no consarn of mine,' said Mr Slick, 'as long as he pays me, what he has to do; but I guess I don't want to sell it, and, beside, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars. Why, it ain't possible,' said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; 'why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I hav'n't been two hours here—how on earth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs Flint: I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States—I'll set it a-going, and put it to the right time.' As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

'That,' said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, 'that I call *human natur*.' Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars—it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs Flint will never let Mrs Steel have the refusal—not will the deacon learn until I call for the clock, that, having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, it is difficult to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in *human natur* to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to *human natur* that they never come out of it.'

#### NOVA-SCOTIAN HORSES.

Among the absurd practices charged by the Clockmaker against the Nova-Scotians, or Blue Noses, as he calls them, is that of keeping great flocks of useless horses, which eat up the greater part of the product of their farms. "If they'd keep less horses, and more sheep, they'd have food, and clothing too, instead of buying both. I vow I've larfed afore now till I have fairly wet myself a-crying, to see one of these folks catch a horse: may be he has to go two or three miles of an errand. Well, down he goes on the dyke with a bridle in one hand, and an old tin pan in another, full of oats, to catch his beast. First he goes to one flock of horses, and then to another, to see if he can find his own critter. At last he gets sight on him, and goes softly up to him, shakin' of his oats, and a-coaxin' him; and jist as he goes to put his hand upon him, away he starts all head and tail, and the rest with him; that starts another flock, and they set a third off, and at last every troop on 'em goes, as if Old Nick was arter them, till they amount to two or three hundred in a drove. Well, he chases them clear across the Tantramer marsh, seven miles good, over ditches, creeks, mire holes, and flag ponds, and then they turn and take a fair chase for it back again seven miles more. By this time, I presume, they are all pretty considerably well tired, and Blue Nose, he goes and gets up all the men folks in the neighbourhood, and catches his beast, as they do a moose arter he is fairly run down; so he runs fourteen miles, to ride two, because he is in a tarnation hurry. It's e'en a-most equal to eatin' soup with a fork, when you are short of time. It puts me in mind of catching birds by sprinkling salt on their tails; it's only one horse a man can ride out of half a dozen, arter all. One has no shoes, t'other has a colt, one arnt broke, another has a sore back, while a fifth is so eternally cunnin', all Cumberland could'nt catch him, till winter drives him up to the barn for food.

Most of them ere dyke marshes have what they call "honey pots" in 'em; that is, a deep hole all full of squash, where you can't find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a feller goes to look for his horse, he sees his tail a stickin' right out an end, from one of these honey pots, and wavin' like a head of broom corn; and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, e'en a-most smothered, everlastin' tired, half swimmin', half wadin', like rats in a molasses cask. When they find 'em in that ere pickle, they go and get ropes, and tie 'em tight round their necks, and half hang 'em to make 'em float, and then haul 'em out. Awful looking critters they be, you may depend, when they do come out; for all the world like half-drowned kittens—all slinkey, slimy, with their great long tails glued up like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. If they don't look foolish, it's a pity! Well, they have to nurse these critters all winter, with hot mashes, warm covering, and what not; and when spring comes, they mostly die; and if they don't, they are never no good arter. I wish with all my heart the horses in the country were barrelled up in these here "honey pots," and then there'd be near about one-half too many left for profit. Jist look at one of these barn-yards in the spring—half a dozen half-starved colts, with their hair lookin' a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats hangin' in tatters, and half a dozen good-for-nothin' old horses, a-crowdin' out the cows and sheep."

\* Halifax, printed and published by Joseph Howe, 1830.

† Flat rich land dyed in from the sea.

## ILLUSTRATION OF SUBTERRANEAN WEALTH.

"It's a pretty province, I tell you [Nova Scotia], good above and better below; surface covered with pastures, meadows, woods, and a nation sight of water privileges, and under the ground full of mines—it puts me in mind of the soup at the Tree-mont House. One day I was a-walkin' in the Mall, and who should I meet but Major Bradford, a gentleman from Connecticut, that traded in calves and pumpkins for the Boston market. Says he, 'Slick, where do you get your grub to-day?' At General Peep's tavern," says I. "Only fit for niggers," says he; "why don't you come to the Tree-mont house; that's the most splendid thing, it's generally allowed, in all the world." "Why," says I, "that's a notch above my mark; I guess it's too plaguy dear for me; I can't afford it no how." "It's near about dinner time," says the major; "just come and see how you like the location." There was a sight of folks there, gentlemen and ladies in the public room (I never seen so many afore, except at commencement day), all ready for a start; and when the gong sounded, off we sot like a flock of sheep. Well, if there warnt a jam, you may depend: some one gave me a pull, and I near shunts went heels up over head; so I reached out both hands, and caught hold of the first thing I could; and what should it be but a lady's dress. Well, as I'm alive, rip went the frock, and tare goes the petticoat; and when I righted myself from my beam eends, away they all came home to me. If she didn't scream, it's a pity; and the more she screamed, the more folks larfed, for no soul could help larfin', till one of the waiters folded her up in a tablecloth. "What an awkward seller you be, Slick!" says the major; "now, that comes of not falling in first; they should have formed four deep, rear rank in open order, and marched in to our splendid national air, and filed off to their seats right and left shoulders forward." Well, I gets near the major at table, and afore me stood a china utensil with two handles, full of soup, about the size of a foot tub, with a large silver scoop in it, near about as big as a ladle of a maple sugar kettle. I was just about bailing out some soup into my dish, when the major said, "Fish it up from the bottom, Slick." Well, sure enough, it gives it a drag from the bottom, and up come the fat pieces of turtle, and the thick rich soup, and a sight of little forced meat balls. No soul could tell how good it was—it was near about as handsum as father's old genuine particular cider, and that you could feel tingle cleanaway down to the tip ends of your toes. "Now," says the major, "I'll give you, Slick, a new wrinkle on your horn. Folks aint thought nothin' of unless they live at Treemont: it's all the go. Do you dine at Peep's tavern every day, and then off hot foot to Treemont, and pick your teeth on the street steps there, and folks will think you dine there. I do it often, and it saves two dollars a-day." Then he puts his finger on his nose, and says he, "Mum is the word." Now, this province is just like that ere soup, good enough at top, but dip down and you have the riches, the coal, the iron ore, the gypsum, and what not."

## OLD MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.

O, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us.—BURNS.

It is more pleasing to the eye and to the feelings to look upon an elegantly formed object, than upon one which is clumsy or coarse. It is more agreeable to contemplate a natural flower, with its beautiful and simple tints, than a mock flower, formed of crepe or whitey-brown paper. Why we should experience these sensations of pleasure in beholding the beautiful in form and colour, it is here needless to inquire. It is sufficient to know that the mind is constituted to receive impressions of this description; and if we therefore grudge ourselves such impressions, we are doing a violence to nature—making ourselves miserable for no use. In this lies the whole philosophy of the fine arts. Strange as it may seem, it is very certain that there are large classes of people who affect to hold the gratifications we are speaking of in contempt, and yet these very people act on a principle directly the reverse. We can best explain this curious contradiction by telling the following anecdote.

A number of years ago there lived a very decent old woman in a country town in Scotland; her name was Margaret, and she was the widow of a much respected elder of the parish. Margaret possessed an excellent character, and was, on the whole, a worthy woman, but she possessed one failing, which rendered her company sometimes disagreeable. Her failing consisted in an extraordinary idea of her own self-sufficiency. She considered every other person's conduct as lax in comparison with her own. Dressing very plainly herself, with a simple black ribbon bound round a clean starched cap, she considered herself entitled to rail at all the world, for their vain gauds, as she called them. Not a head-dress or a gown in the parish escaped her censure. Above all, she dealed out unmeasured censure on the dress of the minister's wife, who, she imagined, ought to set an example to all around. One day, while in the company of the minister, and an assembly of neighbours, Margaret's wrath burst forth in a torrent of abuse upon the head of the devoted pastor:—"It was a shame and disgrace to him to allow his wife to wear such things"—and so forth. The minister had often heard of Margaret's failing, and he had for some time waited patiently till an opportunity occurred of rebuking her—not by pastoral admonition, for Margaret would have

quoted scripture as fast as he could have done, but by a little gentle raillery, which he thought would effectually silence her. "Now, Margaret," said the reverend doctor, leaning forward on his cane in a jocular sort of way—"now, Margaret, I really thought that you, who are a sensible woman, would have seen that we all have a little vanity in our composition; one likes to wear one kind of dress, another person chooses another; one prefers one colour, another person chooses another, and so on: there, for instance, you delight in wearing a black ribbon round your cap; it is the indulgence you are fond of, and I have no objection to it, none in the world; but it is quite clear that a piece of hempen string would answer the same purpose—would bind your head just as well!" Margaret was struck all of a heap; an entirely new light burst in upon her; she felt herself convicted of the very crime which she had all her life habitually denounced; and ever after, while disusing the ribbon, as if for the sake of doing penance, she took care not to utter a syllable of her wonted contemptuous observations on her neighbours' attire.

## MY FRIEND BROMELY.

One dull snowy morning in January, while sitting at breakfast in my lodgings in a dull street in London, I received the following note:—"Dear Harry, I am confined to bed—very unwell—come and see me—immediately—Yours always, T. BROMELY."

This was very laconic. I had seen Bromely a few nights before at the opera in high spirits, and apparently in good health. I was rather surprised, therefore, at the import of the card, but thinking that it might be some trifling indisposition, I finished my breakfast and my newspaper before setting out to call. I found myself about one o'clock at his lodgings, and, on inquiring of the footman how his master was, I learned that he had been confined to bed two days, and was still unable to rise. I entered the chamber, and having shaken hands, began to give the customary consolations—hoped "that the illness was trifling," and so on; but after I had become familiar with the gloom of the apartment, which was darkened, and could distinguish objects properly, I was struck with the change which had taken place in his countenance. To be sure, there must always be a great difference in a man's appearance when he exchanges the gilding of a fashionable exterior for the paraphernalia of a sick-bed; but even after making allowance for this, I thought I discovered symptoms of a serious malady. The worst part of the affair was the utter prostration of mind which he had experienced, for he hardly appeared to listen to what I said; and on inquiring what physicians he had consulted, he answered "None; it was of no use." I of course told him of the madness, the folly of this, and said I would bring Dr Berkely with me at four o'clock, though I hoped that by that time he would be better.

"To tell the truth," said he suddenly, "I am afraid to hear the sentence of a physician, for fear of having my suspicions confirmed; but I dare say it is the best way to be resolved at once. Do bring him. Pray, what day of the month is this, Harry?"

"The sixth," I answered. "Is it?" he exclaimed with an earnestness which made me start. "Harry, I must be well by the twelfth."

I told him if there was any thing I could do for him on that particular day, I would do it with pleasure. "No, no, no!" he answered impatiently; "I must be out myself. What is to be done? You cannot imagine the horrid necessity for my being out on that day, and I can't tell you."

I tried to make him explain what he seemed so anxious about, but he was impatient of the subject; and seeing I only irritated him by inquiries, I ceased to press them, and took my leave. It was evening before I saw Dr Berkely. The rain was pouring in torrents, and it was pitchy dark. We drove to Bromely's, and I entered the chamber along with the doctor, who, seating himself by the fireside, put the usual medical questions, felt his patient's pulse, wrote a prescription, and was about to move off.

"One moment, doctor, if you please. I shall be obliged to you, if, for once, you will lay aside your professional caution, and speak out. What is the matter?" The doctor hesitated; said that at present he could not say with certainty what was the matter; would call to-morrow; hoped it was only cold; recommended quietness; and desired him to keep his mind free from alarm, as probably there was not much to apprehend.

Bromely was dissatisfied, but the doctor would not speak out. I took my leave along with him, and, on parting, inquired if he feared any thing very bad; and though he gave me no explicit answer, I was satisfied he considered the matter serious. He went to visit his patients, and I went to the opera. In the glitter of the performance, I forgot Bromely and his illness.

Another note next morning. It ran thus: "Dear Harry, I have had a miserable night, and am wretched. Do come and see me; it will be a charity," &c. The note was hardly legible, and had been written evidently in

violent agitation. In half an hour after the receipt, I was in his chamber. He was looking miserably, but seemed rejoiced when I entered.

"You must think me very selfish in boring you thus," said he; "but if you knew how miserable I am when alone, I am sure you would not grudge me an hour of your society."

What could I do? Of course I was obliged to say, that, if my presence gave him any satisfaction, I would remain with pleasure. "No, no, no!" he answered quickly. "I know very well no one would prefer being here to enjoying himself in his own way, but I shall accept of your kindness for all that." I offered to read to him, but he declined; and, accordingly, I was obliged to keep up a conversation which was any thing but enlivening.

The doctor called, and having ascertained the state of his patient, wrote another prescription, and was about to retire. "Pray, sit down, doctor," said Bromely, "and do me a favour." The doctor took a chair and looked at his watch, as much as to hint that his time was precious. "Oh, it will be your own fault if you be detained, doctor. Answer me a very simple question: I am determined to know, and I have a reason for it—if you will not tell me, I shall just call another physician, who may not be so scrupulous—am I in for a fever?" The doctor nodded assent.

Bromely sank back on his pillow at this confirmation of his suspicions, and was silent for some time. He seemed greatly agitated. "How long," at last, said he, "how long, doctor, may it take to set me up again; that is, supposing I recover?" and he looked rather wildly in his face.

"It is really impossible to say, Mr Bromely. At present, I assure you, I can have no idea, and the less you think about it, the better." "But I may be cut by the twelfth?" "Impossible," answered the doctor.

I shall not soon forget the look the sick man gave when he received this laconic answer. Impatience and despair seemed to agitate him fearfully. "Doctor Berkely, come what may, you *must* and *shall* enable me to be out on that day. I think I could walk about just now." He made an effort to raise himself in bed, but a sudden sickness came over him, and, with a groan, his head again sought its pillow.

"Doctor," said he, after a pause, "could you give me such a draught as would enable me to go out for an hour or two? I care not how much I suffer as the consequence. I know," continued he, "you can prolong life at times, though you cannot save it. Come, doctor, have you such a medicine?"

"Mr Bromely, this is foolish. Forgive me, it is sinful. You must not think of going out. I can give no such medicine as you ask. For your own safety, I advise you to compose yourself. Do not think of leaving your bed."

Bromely was suddenly silent, and seemed to be engaged in painful reflection. The doctor departed, promising to call again in the evening. A considerable time elapsed before he broke silence; and when he did so, I thought the tone of his voice had altered considerably. His look was fierce: I thought the fever had gone to his brain.

"Harry," said he, "I don't care for Berkely's opinion. Doctors have their creed, and they must stick to it for the sake of consistency. If disease be in my system, how can outward circumstances affect me? What does it matter whether I lie, or sit, or walk? Besides, I recollect an anecdote of a soldier in a retreat, who kept his saddle for a week, and the man had a malignant fever on him. What is there, then, to hinder me from going out for an hour? Harry, once for all, I must be out on the twelfth, and you must assist me."

"What is the meaning of this nonsense?" I exclaimed impatiently, for I had almost lost my temper at his folly—"what can there be which so impudently demands your presence at the risk, nay, the certainty of your death, being the consequence? It is absurd to talk of moving from your room; and I certainly shall not assist in any such mad attempt."

I was frightened at the expression of his countenance. He was generally an open-hearted and most kind-hearted being, but his look was now dreadful to behold; and when he spoke, though he trembled with passion, the words came slowly and distinctly. "Hear me, Harry: I am fixed in my resolve to be out by the twelfth, and, what is more, you *shall* assist in that very mad attempt." He laughed; but such a laugh! I was terrified. I was afraid that he was deranged—was in a state of raving madness. "Well," said I, with the view of soothing him, "we shall see how you are on that day, and then—"He interrupted me. "Oh, yes; try and soothe me like a child! Yes, we *shall* see on that day." And he was silent.

Days rolled on, and still the same wild determination remained, and every day only saw his resolution become stronger, if possible. He laughed at bodily pain, philosophised upon it, made me read medical books upon fever and delirium, and reasoned upon them as abstract speculations; always ending by repeating his fixed resolution to be out on the twelfth.

It was on the evening of the eleventh that I was sitting with him. He was in a state of high excitement, and talked of going out to-morrow as a thing of course—said I must go with him, in a coach, and implored my acquiescence in terms which distressed me. I had hitherto refrained from contradicting him, as I thought the irritation caused by my opposition made him worse; but now I thought it was high time to tell him my mind, and did so. I represented to him as strongly as possible the madness, the impossibility of his going out—nay, more, that force was to be used to compel him to remain in bed, if he persisted in the attempt—and tried by every means in my power to dissuade him from it. He heard me with perfect quietness, though with impatience. When I had finished, he made no answer, but, to my astonishment, got out of bed, threw a dressing-gown about him, walked firmly across the room, and, opening a drawer, took out a pair of dumb-bells, and having exercised them in the

usual way for about a minute, put them back in their place, and returned to bed.

"Every night," said he, "since I have been confined, I have done this; and as long as I can do it, no one shall persuade me that I can't go out; and, as for force," continued he, "look here!" He opened a case which lay at the back of his bed, and produced a pair of pistols, nodded significantly, and replaced them. It was in vain to remonstrate. I still, of course, thought the necessity of his being out existed only in his imagination, and I determined to take serious measures for his confinement. At night I easily got possession of the pistols.

Next day I called, as he had made me solemnly promise to do. He had discovered that the pistols had been taken away, and I expected violent scene, which I was prepared for. I was mistaken, however. He lay a few minutes perfectly silent; and when he spoke, he did so slowly and mildly.

"Harry," said he, "are you determined not to assist me in going out to-day—for an hour—or two?" I shook my head.

"When I assure you," continued he, calmly, "when I assure you that my honour, and the honour of my family—nay, that my life depends upon it?"

I was astonished at the calmness and firmness with which he spoke, but I was determined not to give way. "Bromely," said I, "once more for all, I will not be necessary to your death, and it is idle to say another word about it."

"Well," said he, "I have now no alternative but to speak out. Is the door shut?" I answered in the affirmative. "Come near me." I approached the bed.

He moved his lips two or three times as if he had been about to speak, but his tongue refused to perform its office; a flush spread over him as he raised himself on one arm, and, looking me steadfastly and sternly in the face, whispered,

"Harry, I HAVE FORGED A BILL."

I forgot what exclamation I made. I sat down by the fire, and was silent for some time. I knew that he was watching every motion, but I knew not what to say. I was thankful that he spoke first, though bitterly.

"Well," said he, "you know all, and I suppose are thinking of a decent excuse for shaking me off. And the truth is, Harry, though you should go this instant, I shall not blame you."

"You wrong me," I said; "but what on earth could have tempted you to such an act of madness?"

"What could tempt me? Do you recollect the night we were at Mallet's, some months ago, when I won eight hundred pounds from young Denison? You won from him yourself, Harry. I thought he was rich. He left the table that night not worth a farthing. A fortnight afterwards, I learned that his boy was lying dead in his house, and he had not the means of burying him; that his wife was distracted, and that he was starving. At that moment there was an execution or some such thing going on in the house for £1,000. What could I do? I had not the money. I had been a cause of his ruin. I forged a bill upon old Denison for £1,500, and gave Denison the money. I expected to have been in funds long before this, but have been disappointed. The bill is due on the 13th—you see I am a correct man of business—and unless it be taken up to-day, all must come out tomorrow; and you remember the fate of Dr Dodd—it will be mine. Now, will you lend me a hand?"

"With all my heart," said I, "but how? I have not half the money."

"God bless you, Harry. I'll get the money. But then I must make another confession." "To whom?" said I. "To my sister Jane, Lady Dashley."

"Will Lady Dashley give you money?" "Will she not, and the honour of the family at stake? Come, assist me to rise."

I did get him out of bed, and his clothes on. He fainted once, and I gave up all for lost; but he recovered, and his resolution was as strong as ever. I had almost to carry him to the coach, and when seated there, had to support him from falling. By the time we had approached Lady Dashley's, he rallied; and though I trembled for the result, he went out firmly, but deadly pale, and walked into the house. I was left in no enviable state. A quarter of an hour passed away, and no tidings; another quarter had nearly been measured, when a servant came out and requested me to walk in. I was shown into a parlour where Bromely was lying on a sofa. His sister, Lady Dashley, was at a writing-desk, and evidently dreadfully agitated; there was no time for salutations; she advanced to meet me.

"You know this dreadful business. Here is a draft on Coutts for the amount. I know there is not so much, but I daresay they will not refuse; at all events you must try. Hasten; let me know the moment you get the business finished."

Bromely was too much exhausted to go with me. I bolted into the coach, gave the driver a sovereign to drive with all the speed he could—presented the cheque at Coutts'; it was shown to one of the partners. I was in a dreadful state of suspense; but it was passed. I got the money, and drove at equal speed to the bank at which the bill was payable. I alighted, and, for the first time, hesitated. I was in a state of considerable agitation, and I must appear calm to prevent suspicion. After pausing a few minutes to recover myself, I walked calmly into the telling-room of the bank, and asked as coolly as possible for Mr Denham's bill.

There was no such bill. I recollect in an instant that it was due only on the morrow. I mentioned this, and added that it would be obliging if they would take payment of the bill to-day. It was got and paid, and in my possession. My feelings must have betrayed me when I had the fatal document in my hand, for the clerk did look suspicious. However, it was in my possession, and I was again at the coach in an instant. Driving with the former rapidity, I was at Lady Dashley's door in a twinkling. I rushed up stairs, and found the parties as I had left them. Neither had power to utter a syllable.

"There is the bill," said I, putting it in the fire.

I never witnessed such a relief to two human beings. It is impossible to record the lady's thanks and Bromely's gratitude. I got him to his lodgings. He was dreadfully ill for months, and raved continually of bills, and banks, and felony, but he recovered.

HE HAS NOT TOUCHED CARD NOR DICE-BOX SINCE.

#### TRAITS OF SPANISH MISRULE.

##### SECOND ARTICLE.

It is now a little more than three hundred years since Cortes, with a legion of Spanish soldiers, vanquished the country in North America, now called Mexico; and during the whole of this period civilisation can hardly be said to have made the smallest advances. Mexico forms a large and beautiful country, lying on the south-west of the United States, and possessing a fine line of sea-coast on the inner part of the Gulf of Mexico. The population amounts to about 9,000,000 of persons, composed of the following classes or races: 4,000,000 of native Indians, the descendants of the original owners of the soil; 2,500,000 Mestizos, or offspring of Spaniards and Indians; 150,000 Creoles, or pure offspring of Spaniards; 100,000 mixed Negro and Indian races; 100,000 Negroes; 10,000 Spaniards; and about 100,000 strangers, including English, and citizens of the United States. It is thus seen that the Indians and Mestizos compose the chief part of the community.

The primary object of the Spaniards throughout the period of their possession of the country, was to aggrandise themselves and the mother country at the expense of the natives. The enlightenment and improvement of the condition of the various Indian races do not appear ever to have engaged their attention. A church was planted, and immense power conferred on its functionaries, but this circumstance was not of the slightest use as regards the moral elevation of the people. Recent travellers in Mexico speak of the condition of the Indian races as being of the most abject kind. One observes, "they are at the lowest degree of intellectual degradation; and the grossest ignorance, superstition, and consequent vice, are the natural result." "The moral condition of the mixed breed," observes the same writer, "is more depraved, and crimes against the community are more frequently committed by them." We formerly mentioned, that the prevailing feature of all countries settled by the Spanish and Portuguese, is the insecurity of life and property. This is amply manifested in Mexico. Tudor describes one of the roads near the capital as presenting a "dismal succession of murder-crosses, principally formed of sticks, and some few deeply cut in the bark of the trees. Several of them were adorned with flowers, while others were surmounted with inscriptions imploring the prayers of the passing traveller for the wretched victims sent headlong into eternity (by robbers) on the very spot where they stood."

Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the churches in Mexico; they surpass in splendour most of the European places of public worship, St Peter's at Rome not excepted; and at the same time, no description can convey an adequate idea of the ignorance and superstition of the people. Latrobe, a late traveller, observes on this subject, "The poor Indian is distinguished by his sandal'd foot, miserable attire, and subdued air. He at least seems to have gained nothing by the change of masters. How should he? He was the slave of the few, now he is the slave of the many. If the Spaniard did little to raise the character of his conquered vassal, the Mexican does less, if possible, to instruct the darker skin whom he pretends to consider politically as his equal, but whom in fact he always treats as his inferior. They are as they ever were—governed by the priests, and kept in utter ignorance. They supply the market with fruits, water, and vegetables."

The following anecdote, illustrative of the general superstition of the people, is given by the same writer: "Some time since, two English dray-horses were procured by a European resident in Mexico, and unshipped at Vera Cruz—colossal, big-boned, muscular animals, compared with which the Mexican breed were but shelties. They may have found their long voyage disagreeable, but they were doomed to find their land journey to the capital yet more so. Wherever they passed, there was a perfect ferment among the populace. The heretical horses!—there was no possibility of smuggling them through the country, or of concealing their unfortunate lineage. They were everywhere regarded with detestation. They and their grooms were loaded with maledictions at Vera Cruz—peeled at Jalapa—excrated and peeled at Perote—excrated, peeled, and stoned, with might and main, at La Puebla de los Angeles—and hardly escaped with their lives to be reptiled and restoned on their arrival at their journey's end. There, however, they arrived; but for any use they were to the possessor, they might as well have been peacefully employed in starting casks in London among their fellow heretics, biped and quadruped; for they had to be confined to their stable morning, noon, and night, such was the tumult excited by their appearance and character. At length the possessor was fairly driven to bow to popular opinion. There is a certain church in Mexico, of which I have omitted to note down the patron saint, but I

know that you leave it a little to the left hand as you approach the Garita on the road to San Augustin. To this church, from time immemorial, it has been the custom of the country for the inhabitants of the city and adjoining valley to bring their domestic animals for baptism by the hands of the priest; the popular belief being, that, till this is done, they do not belong to the Catholic church, and cannot possibly prosper. And here, at the proper time, in company with many animals of less pretension, came the two English dray-horses. They were regularly sprinkled, the fee was paid to the Curia, and from that time being considered as *Christianos*, they were allowed to hold up their heads, and perform their labours without molestation."

Since the period of the revolution in Mexico, and the expulsion of the Spanish authorities, the functionaries of religion have been greatly diminished in number, and in many respects treated with contumely. Mr Edward remarks, that there are now few or no Spanish monks in the country, but that "the sons of Creoles embrace the profession, as a wealthy, indolent mode of life; for monks have few restraints. They go out any where, frequenting even gambling-houses, theatres, and places of amusement. Their morals are very low: thus they are despised. The Creoles and Indians are wavering in their former respect, and even in their religious belief. Nothing can better show the state of the public mind on this score, than the fact, that books against the Catholic religion are openly printed and read even by the monks. Every body laughs at them, and the monks join in the laugh."

Frightful as is the picture of moral depravity which Mexico exhibits, it is less shocking than that of Brazil, a country settled by Portuguese. M. Arago, a French traveller, who lately visited Rio Janeiro, the capital, thus speaks of the system of slavery which is there openly carried on:—"I have mentioned the negro slaves to you, but I have not told you that the slave-trade is still permitted in Brazil. Rio contains one hundred and twenty thousand souls, five-sixths of whom are purchased slaves. Fifty vessels are engaged in the slave-trade: I have seen one of these arrive. The idea of these unfortunate wretches crowded together, devoured by vermin, exposed to all sorts of diseases and privations, wrings my heart, and fires it with indignation against a government, which thus traffics with the lives of so many thousands of individuals, because their colour differs from that of its own subjects. How painful soever it may be to visit the place where they are sold, I will overcome my repugnance; and while I behold them, I will drop at least a tear over their fate."

In a damp, dirty, pestiferous room, open on all sides, are huddled together men, women, and children, naked, bent down with misery, who are forced to sing when commanded, or to remain absolutely motionless, upon pain of receiving twenty lashes. Ribbons are tied round their necks; they are taught to make grimaces; they are sometimes burned with a red-hot iron to impose upon the purchaser, who, from the marks which he sees, supposes that the poor creatures have had the small-pox. There for whole months they await the decision of their fate. A customer enters—it is a monk; I know him by his hypocritical look. He casts an eye over the room, which he presently leaves dissatisfied, and comes into that where I am. Here is a number of females, some of them with infants at their breasts. The monk pauses; he desires a young girl to rise; she advances trembling, walks, runs, holds up her head, shows her teeth. 'How much for this?' 'Six quadruples.' 'She has a very large foot.' 'Your lordship will be satisfied with her.' 'But consider only, six quadruples; it was but yesterday that a colleague of mine bought one at this very place for a great deal less.' The bargain is struck; the poor girl casts a last painful look at her companions in misfortune, and walks off before her master, to change her way of life, without having reason to hope for a mitigation of her sufferings.

In the street of Vallonga, there are at least twenty marts for the sale of negroes: there is no street in the city where so much traffic is carried on. These slaves are in general dull and reserved; there are others, of whom it might be said that they rejoice in their chains. They are brought from the coast of Africa. Those who are shipped at Angola are marked on the breast with a large R, and in general tattooed. These belong to the governor. The others are bought at Mozambique and Madagascar. Those of Mozambique have the incisive teeth sawed, and brought to a point. Those of Madagascar are tattooed, and have very regular and well-executed designs on the shoulders and over the whole back. They all subsist on manioc-flour and blows; the allowance of the latter is too great, that of the former sufficient.

It is still considered problematical whether the negroes are men or brutes; they are employed as the first, but beaten like the latter. They are nearly naked, and I have seen negresses without any apparel whatever. When a negro is purchased, his master throws over him a white tunic, bedizened with gold lace, and has him baptised, under the idea that this ceremony is sufficient to make a Christian of him.

A slave who attempts to escape is flogged, and round his neck is put an iron ring, to which is attached a short sword, with the point turned towards his shoulder; and this collar he continues to wear till his master thinks fit to take it off. I have seen two negroes whose faces were covered with iron masks, in which holes were made for the eyes. They were thus

punished because their misery had induced them to eat earth for the purpose of putting an end to their existence. 'You must go and sell this,' says a master to his slave; 'and you must bring me home such or such a sum.' unfortunately he cannot obtain the sum required, let him run about crying his wares as long as he will. On his return he is cruelly beaten, and the barbarian by whose command this punishment is inflicted, has not, perhaps, during the interval, taken two *vintens* (two-pence) in his superb shop. How atrocious!

A Portuguese, lately going along a narrow path, met a negro, who stepped aside to let him pass; not satisfied with this, he ordered the slave to leap the ditch; the poor fellow muttered an excuse, and screwed himself up still closer. The Portuguese struck him with his cane; enraged at this treatment, and unable to contain himself, the black gave his assailant a blow on the head and ran away. The Portuguese discovered where he lived, signified to his master his wish to buy the negro, offered so large a sum that the owner could not resist the temptation, and the wretched slave expired the following day under the lash. These acts of cruelty are not punished here. Are not such traits characteristic of a nation?

I was waiting the other night for the ship's boat, and walking on the pier, which is contiguous to the royal palace. A negro, carrying before him a basket of fruit, called from time to time, with a low and trembling voice, to the passengers to induce them to buy his commodities. It was late: I asked what custom he hoped to get at ten o'clock at night. 'No great deal, sir,' replied he; 'most likely none at all, but I shall stay a little longer.' 'Why so?' 'Why should I not put off my punishment as long as I can?' Have you any doubt that he was soundly beaten that night?

#### MR LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The first volume of this work will have been so long in the hands of the public before the present sheet appears, that any testimony of the pleasure with which we have read it may well be spared. Without the least desire to characterise it generally, we would only intrude the remark, that the account of the early years of its distinguished subject furnishes what appears to us as in many respects a singularly fine model of youthful character—a character good and amiable, without the least tinge of any kind of puritanism, steady high fancy and feeling with the most perfect good sense, dutiful to all, and yet strikingly manly and independent. After presenting a brief memoir written by Scott himself in 1808, and which comes down to the time of his entering at the bar, Mr Lockhart proceeds to throw all possible additional light upon this period of his existence, from the anecdotes and letters of the friends under whose eyes it was passed. Mrs Cockburn, author of the fine song of the Flowers of the Forest, thus writes of the poet and novelist when six years old—

"I last night supped in Mr Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuous, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuous?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know every thing.' Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic."

Though a bad school student, he often gained places in consequence of the miscellaneous knowledge he had picked up in his extensive early reading.

His school-fellow, Mr Claud Russell, remembers that he once made a great leap in consequence of the stupidity of some laggard on what is called the *dull's* (dolt's) bench, who being asked, on boggling at *cum*, "what part of speech is *with*?" answered, "*a substantive*." The rector, after a moment's pause, thought it worth while to ask his *dus*—"In *with* ever a substantive?" but all were silent until the query reached Scott, then near the bottom of the class, who instantly responded by quoting a verse of the book of Judges:—"And Samson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man."

At another he accomplished a rise in the class by an expedient which certainly we might call less than honourable, if such boy tricks were to be judged seriously,

but which we shall give anyhow in his own words, as reported by Mr Samuel Rogers—

"There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking."

His appearance and manners when attending the writing-school of a Mr Morton, are thus beautifully described by Mrs Churnside, a surviving school-fellow—

"He attracted the regard and fondness of all his companions, for he was even rational, fanciful, lively, and possessed of that urbane gentleness of manner, which makes its way to the heart. His imagination was constantly at work, and he often so engrossed the attention of those who learnt with him, that little could be done—Mr Morton himself being forced to laugh as much as the little scholars at the odd turns and devices he fell upon; for he did nothing in the ordinary way, but, for example, even when he wanted ink to his pen, would get up some ludicrous story about sending his doggie to the mill again. He used also to interest us in a more serious way, by telling us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had lying alone on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill health. Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen—his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance. Recollecting these descriptions, radiant and not gloomy as they were, I have often thought since, that there must have been a bias in his mind to superstition—the marvellous seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offspring of his own imagination, that the expression of his face, habitually that of genuine benevolence, mingled with a shrewd innocent humour, changed greatly while he was speaking of these things, and showed a deep intensity of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital. . . . I may add, that in walking he used always to keep his eyes turned downwards as if thinking, but with a pleasing expression of countenance, as if enjoying his thoughts. Having once known him, it was impossible ever to forget him. In this manner, after all the changes of a long life, he constantly appears as fresh as yesterday to my mind's eye."

To this may appropriately be added an anecdote conveyed by his tutor, the Rev. Mr Mitchell—

"I seldom had occasion all the time I was in the family to find fault with him even for trifles, and only once to threaten serious castigation, of which he was no sooner aware than he suddenly sprung up, threw his arms about my neck, and kissed me. It is hardly needful to state, that now the intended chastisement was no longer thought of. By such generous and noble conduct my displeasure was in a moment converted into esteem and admiration; my soul melted into tenderness, and I was ready to mingle my tears with his. Some incidents in reference to him in that early period, and some interesting and useful conversations I had with him, then deeply impressed on my mind, and which the lapse of nearly half a century has not yet obliterated, afforded no doubtful presage of his future greatness and celebrity."

In his days of adolescence we find him displaying, in its full fruit, the noble generosity of nature of which his boyhood, almost his infancy, had shown the bloom. Mr Lockhart advertises to a series of letters addressed to him, relative to an affair of one of his early friends, of which the full details, for reasons of delicacy, cannot be given.

"I feel it my duty," says the biographer, "to record the strong impression they have left on my own mind of high generosity of affection, coupled with calm judgment, and perseverance in well-doing on the part of the stripling Scott. To these indeed every line in the collection bears pregnant testimony. A young gentleman, born of good family, and heir to a tolerable fortune, is sent to Edinburgh College, and is seen partaking, along with Scott, through several apparently happy and carefree years, of the studies and amusements of which the reader may by this time have formed an adequate notion. By degrees, from the usual license of his equal comrades, he sinks into habits of a looser description—becomes reckless, contracts debts, irritates his own family almost beyond hope of reconciliation, is virtually cast off by them, runs away from Scotland, forms a marriage far below his condition in a remote part of the sister kingdom; and, when the poor girl has made him a father, then first begins to open his eyes to the full consequences of his mad career. He appeals to Scott, by this time in his eighteenth year, 'as the truest and noblest of friends,' who had given him 'the earliest and the strongest warnings,' had assisted him 'the most generously throughout all his wanderings and distresses,' and will not now abandon him in his 'penitent lowliness of misery,' the result of his seeing 'virtue and innocence involved in the punishment of his errors.'

I find Scott obtaining the slow and reluctant assistance of his own careful father—who had long before observed this youth's wayward disposition, and often cautioned his son against the connection—to intercede with the unfor-

tunate wanderer's family, and procure, if possible, some mitigation of their sentence. The result is, that he is furnished with the scanty means of removing himself to a distant colony, where he spends several years in the drudgery of a very humble occupation, but by degrees establishes for himself a new character, which commands the anxious interest of strangers; and I find these strangers, particularly a benevolent and venerable clergyman, addressing, on his behalf, without his privacy, the young person, as yet unknown to the world, whom the object of their concern had painted to them as 'uniting the warm feelings of youth with the sense of years'—whose hair he had, 'from the day he left England, worn next his heart.' Just at the time when this appeal reached Scott, he hears that his exiled friend's father has died suddenly, and after all intestate; he has actually been taking steps to ascertain the truth of the case at the moment when the American dispatch is laid on his table. I leave the reader to guess with what pleasure Scott has to communicate the intelligence that his repentant and reformed friend may return to take possession of his inheritance. The letters before me contain touching pictures of their meeting—of Walter's first visit to the ancient hall, where a happy family are now assembled—and of the affectionately respectful sense which his friend retained ever afterwards of all that he had done for him in the season of his struggles. But what a grievous loss is Scott's part of this correspondence! I find this correspondent over and over again expressing his admiration of the letters in which Scott described to him his early tours both in the Highlands and the Border dales: I find him prophesying from them, as early as 1789, 'one day your pen will make you famous'—and already, in 1790, urging him to concentrate his ambition on a 'history of the clans.'

#### NEW SPECIES OF HAT.

A HAT of a new species has lately been invented by a hat-maker of Paris. The leading principle is, cloth stretched upon a frame of wire. To a brim of ordinary felt is attached a ring composed of a stout slip of steel, of exactly the circumference of the head. Another similar ring, of the desired size of the crown, is connected with the first by means of four double wires curving slightly inwards, and jointed in the middle. By folding inwards at the joints, the intermediate pieces of wire allow of the two rings coming nearly together, in which case the whole mechanism looks like one ring with four radii pointing towards the centre. To bring the frame to its full stretch, a third and moveable ring is introduced, which, being pressed downwards against the curved wires, falls into a series of notches, all of which are upon one plane, where it rests: thus, the whole frame is opened out as far as it will go; when it in some degree resembles, in structure, the well-known species of *ergone* used for supporting custard at table. It will easily be conceived, that, if a crown be fitted upon the second of the rings, and the space between that ring and the brim filled with a piece of cloth of the requisite kind, a complete hat is formed. It is only further necessary to mention, that, to an interior lining of rather more than the ordinary depth, a false crown is attached, and this crown, again, to the third ring, so that the only process required for causing the crown to sink into the brim, is to pull in a particular way at a certain part of the false crown, till the ring is jerked out from the notches, when the whole collapses into a bulk little greater than that of a common round supper plate. The utility of such a hat for travelling, for attending large assemblies, and many other purposes, must be obvious. The invention, after being honoured with several distinguished marks of approbation in Paris, and coming into general use in that city, has been patented with some improvements by a respectable hat-making firm in Edinburgh, who, in constructing it, employ a cloth of deep silk pile, of great fineness, manufactured in France, and which gives the hat a superior appearance to those of the beaver kind. In the important matters of lightness and durability, the mechanical hat, as the French call it, has an advantage over the ordinary kinds, and in Edinburgh it is retailed at a lower rate. We are hopeful, however, that, ere long, as the means for carrying on the manufacture become improved, it will be possible to produce it at a cost little more than half of the present price of a good hat.

#### SPIDERS THE BEST BAROMETER.

The manner in which spiders carry on their operations, conformably to the impending changes of the atmosphere, is simply this:—If the weather is likely to become rainy, windy, or in other respects disagreeable, they fix the terminating filaments, on which the whole web is suspended unusually short; and in this state they await the influence of a temperature which is remarkably variable. On the contrary, if the terminating filaments are made uncommonly long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude that the weather will be serene, and continue so at least for ten or twelve days. But if the spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds; though, on the other hand, their activity during rain is the most certain proof that it will be only of short duration, and followed with fair and constant weather. According to further observations, the spiders regularly make some alterations in their webs or nets every twenty-four hours; if these changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and pleasant night.

#### ECONOMY.

"A slight knowledge of human nature will show," says Mr Colquhoun, "that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little farther." Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings, his fortune is made. Mr William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the state of the labouring poor, declares he never knew an instance of one who had saved money coming to the parish. And he adds, moreover, "those individuals who save money are better workmen; if they do not work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred men who would spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save a little money, they husband that little; and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society."

### THE FALLACY THAT OLD BIRDS ARE NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

The older the bird, the more he flatters himself that he is worth catching. He is easily caught, were it worth while; but you have caught nothing, perhaps, when you have got him. Chaff is too valuable, too precious, to be expended wastefully; and because you are not so silly as to throw powder away, he conceives himself to be shot-proof. As nobody tries to catch him, he fondly persuades himself that his own exceeding cunning secures him from capture. "Take me if you can," chirps he, and goes dodging about the woods as though a flock of golden vultures were pursuing him. He is quite safe. He has not the felicity of being in peril. The young condor, puffed even by vulgar appetite, will not do him the honour of dining upon him. His toughness and antiquity are sure safeguards. He is only not captured because there is nothing captivating about him. But if, by any chance, he hath a tail-feather fit for plucking, or a bone worthy the distinction of being picked, then is your old bird in imminent danger, for you may catch him when you like with half a pinch of chaff. The tender foxling, not arrived at the maturity of slyness, who never tasted chicken of his own stealing, shall take him without a ruffle of his plumage—only by pronouncing its dingy brown to be rich crimson. What flocks of old birds flutter about in society, all sure that they never shall be caged, and all safe until a lure is laid for them! But the longer they live, the less chance have they of avoiding the trap. The older they grow, the slenderer the means of escape. The starched matron is fain to put faith in the compliment which, in her day of youth and grace, she knew to be nonsense. She is now only half-handsome, and can no longer afford to think her eyes less brilliant than she is told they are. She must make up, by exaggerating what is left, for the loss of what is gone. She is not now in a condition to call a fine remark rank flattery; she is obliged to believe, in self-defence. If her mirror will not admit of this, she has other resources; she has sage counsel, admirable judgment, perfect knowledge of the world. Admire these, and, with dignity which you call Sidoonian, she confesses that she is yours. You have only to convert the compliment to her beauty at twenty into a tribute to her sagacity at fifty-five. Tell her she is not to be imposed upon, and you impose upon her effectually. Admire her penetration, and you will not find her impenetrable. The old bird devoutly believes he is no goose. The grey-headed adventurer, who would not marry at twenty-six because the lady had only a little beauty and five thousand pounds, is taken in, thirty years afterwards, by a plain widow with a large family instead of an estate. The moralist of threescore is ruined in three months by a *figurante*; and a man of refinement, fastidious up to seventy-two, "marries his cook." Not caught with chaff! The old bird sniffs it afar off. Not a curate in the kingdom that does not once a-week unite in holy wedlock threescore-and-ten to fourscore, or fourscore to onescore. The ancient gentleman who has seen the world, who is profoundly experienced, and much too deep to be the dupe of an age so shallow as this, is to be won by an admiring glance at the brilliancy of his knee-buckle; praise his very pigtail, and you may lead him by it. None are so easily taken in as the "knowing ones." The knowing one is generally an egregious ninny. The man who loses his last shilling at Doncaster, is no other than he who was sure of winning; who could prove by his betting-book that he *must* win by backing chaff against the field. He is a fine specimen of the family of the Oldbirds. So is the careful, cautious wight, the original Master Sure-card, the man of many savings, who in his old age falls in love with a loan; who dies in prison from the pressure of foreign bonds, or drowns himself in the New Canal by way of securing what he calls his share. The genuine old bird is a pigeon.—*From a Series of Popular Fallacies in the New Monthly Magazine.*

### SHOW OF WASHINGTON'S NURSE.

We know that Washington, after achieving the independence of the United States, and retiring to private life, did not liberate his slaves. He possessed negro slaves in the shape of saleable property till his death. This circumstance is the only blot that rests on the name of Washington. In Cox and Hobby's Tour in America, the following touching account is given of the public exhibition or show of an old negress, once belonging to Washington's family:—"Slavery presented itself to our view in one of the most extraordinary and offensive forms of which it is possible to conceive, while we were in Providence. The name of Washington, the father of his country, is revered by every patriot of every land. But we here saw, still living, the very woman who nursed his infancy; and she had worn the chain and badge of slavery from that hour till the present time! We blushed for America, and were oppressed with a sickness of the very heart, to think that for more than hundred years after the infant hero had been pillow'd in the bosom of this stranger, Joyce Heath should have remained a slave. We were ready to ask, when we visited her, where are the sensibilities of a people who can tolerate so gross an outrage upon every soft and holy feeling, as to allow this living mummy, this breathing corpse, to be dragged through the country, exhibited to the idle gaze of strangers, and often exposed to the rude, offensive merriment of thoughtless youth? This mysterious antiquity, whose age we found to be 161 years, ought rather to have been ennobled in silk, and nursed, in her second infancy, with all the tenderness with which she watched over one of the greatest of men. She was stolen from Madagascar, and was owned by the father of Washington at the time of his birth. It was evident that her person had been shamefully neglected, since she had sunk into the helplessness of an almost miraculous old age—her nails being suffered to grow till they bent, like birds' claws, and those of one clenched hand penetrated into her very flesh. She was left in the extreme destitution, and would have died in Kentucky, had it not occurred to some keen and shrewd calculator, that something might yet be made

by exhuming, as it were, this living relic of a former age, to exhibit as a show! During many months, she had been conveyed from place to place, as the last sands of life were thus running out; and more had been gained than the sum for which Washington's father sold her in 1727, when, as appears in the existing copy of the bill of sale, she was fifty-four years of age. It was often necessary for her to be addressed in the authoritative manner with which a slave is commanded, in order to rouse what remained of vital energy, so as to gratify the curious; but, at other times, she spoke with vivacity. She has been the mother of fifteen children, but all have died before her, excepting two or three grandchildren." This extraordinary woman died about eighteen months ago.

### SONNET ON "GLORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF REDI.

Glory, what art thou?—thou for whom the bold Lays bare his breast to danger; and bright youth Bursts itself 'mongst foes: while with the E'en Death seems radiant, and beautiful! What art thou, Glory?—with an equal fate Peace is the forfeit, all pay down who seek Or who possess thee. And with grievous pain Is such acquirement made: yet heavier woe Attends on those who vainly strive for thee; What art thou, Glory?—a delicious fraud!—The offspring of long grief:—a passing breeze?—Which men seek after, toilsomely, in vain; A whetstone to mad envy 'mongst the living—Music to closed ears, amongst the dead; Thou art, oh Glory! scourge of human pride!

E. B.

### INTERESTING BOTANICAL EXPERIMENT.

In lately perusing a new work—"Outlines of Human Physiology, by Herbert Mayo," we found the following interesting account of an experiment to determine why the roots of plants shoot downwards:—

It is impossible not to be struck with the close analogy which holds between the phenomena of the irritability and movements of the sensitive plants, and many of the instinctive motions of animals. The discrimination evinced by plants is a subject no less curious. Climbing plants stretch towards objects calculated to support them: a shrub growing upon a wall, when it has exhausted the nourishment which its situation afforded, has been known to drop a long root to the soil below. The daisy, in rank grass, bears a flower upon a long stalk; on a close shaven lawn, its flower is sessile. These and similar instances have been occasionally ascribed to an instinct in plants: it is much more philosophical to suppose, that the growth of plants is determined by physical impressions alone, such as variations of moisture or temperature, and exposure to or deprivation of light; and that nature, instead of imparting sense and perception to plants as their guiding principles, has attained her purpose by another method, having so framed and endowed the vegetable economy in accordance with the circumstances in which it is placed, that the common accidents of the elements and of the seasons are likely to bring it to perfection. Several remarkable examples go to prove the correctness of the preceding views, out of which it may be sufficient to adduce the following:—It is well known that, in whatever position a seed is laid in the ground, the plumule invariably rises towards the surface of the soil, while the radicle, on the contrary, shoots downwards. Upon the hypothesis that physical impressions determine the growth of plants, we should expect to find that gravitation is in this instance the influential cause; or that the growth of the radicle necessarily follows the direction of a mechanical force or tendency to motion, while that of the plumule goes against it. Mr Knight ascertained this solution to be just, by experiments, in which another force was made to supersede, or to co-operate with, that of gravity. Seeds of the garden bean, which had been previously soaked in water, were attached at short distances along the circumference of a vertical wheel, which was made to perform more than one hundred and fifty revolutions in a minute. In a few days the seeds began to germinate. In their growth, the plumule of each tended towards the axis of the wheel, the radicle in the contrary direction. In this case, owing to the vertical rotation of the wheel, the influence of gravity was neutralised; in its place a centrifugal force was substituted, by which the growing seed was influenced exactly as before by gravity. In another experiment, beans similarly prepared were attached to the circumference of a horizontal wheel, which was then set in rapid motion; the result was not less conclusive than in the former instance; the plumule of each seed was observed to grow in a direction upwards and inwards, while the radicle tended downwards and outwards, that is to say, in the diagonal of the two forces, by both of which, according to the hypothesis, it should have been blindly influenced. From these and similar instances, it appears reasonable to conclude, that the vital endowments of plants are limited to two; namely, irritability, and some modification of chemical affinity. What an immeasurable interval between their mode of existence and that of animals!

### HYDROSTATIC BED.

It is well known that the support of water to a floating body is so uniformly diffused, that every thousandth part of an inch of the inferior surface has, as it were, its own separate liquid pillar, and no one part bears the load of its neighbour. Reflecting on this fact, Dr Arnot was led to infer, that if a person were laid upon the surface of a bath, over which a large sheet of the waterproof India rubber cloth was previously thrown, the pressure would be so uniform over the whole body, that no one part could possibly suffer more than any other part, and consequently that one who had already suffered from inequality of pressure, as always happens to bed-ridden people, especially when the constitution has been debilitated from whatever cause, would, on being placed on such a couch, be immediately relieved of the pains and other disagreeable consequences of long confinement to even the softest bed; and the result showed the correctness of his reasoning. A lady who, after her confinement, had passed through a combination of diseases, low fever, jaundice, &c., rested so long in one posture that mortification came on, sloughs formed, inflammation also occurred, terminating in the formation of abscesses. She was watched with the most affectionate assiduity, and every expedient adopted for her comfort that could be devised. She was placed upon the bed contrived for invalids by Mr Bart, with pillows of down, and air, and out of the mattress of which, portions were cut opposite to the sloughing parts. In spite, however, of all endeavours, the mischief advanced, the chief slough enlarged, another slough and a new abscess were produced, and her life was in imminent danger. No sooner, however, was she laid upon the hydrostatic bed, than she was instantly relieved; sweet sleep came to her; she awoke refreshed; she passed the next night much better than usual; and on the following day all the sores had assumed a healthy appearance. The healing from that time went on rapidly, and no new sloughs were formed; the down pillows were needed no more. It is impossible, indeed, to convey an idea of the comfortable support afforded by means of this bed to those who have not experienced it. So strongly did this impress the mind of an able and pious clergyman, that he was led to remark, "How great is the goodness of God, that puts it into the hearts of men to provide such comforts for his creatures!" But though

we cannot communicate the feeling of comfort to our readers, we can easily give them a description of the bed itself, and recommend them to make a trial of it. Let them imagine, then, an ordinary bed—on which is laid a wooden trough, a foot deep, lined with zinc or lead, the same size as the bed, filled with water to the depth of about six inches, over which is placed a sheet of the India rubber cloth, upon which again is placed a suitable mattress, ready to receive its pillow and bed-clothes—and they will have a tolerable idea of what is meant by a hydrostatic bed, the only difference between it and a common bed being the substitution of water for the canvas or spars on which the mattress is usually placed. It will naturally suggest itself to every individual, that some plan must be adopted in order to prevent the water escaping from under the India rubber cloth. This is effected by merely fixing it very firmly to the edges of the trough all round, nailing it, and filling up all the crevices by means of white lead, or other cement. The cloth being of such a size as would suffice to line the trough were it empty, leaves ample room for free and easy motion when half filled with water, which is done through an aperture near the top—the bed being again drawn off when required by a stopcock at the lower extremity. The trough, instead of being placed upon an ordinary bed, may be, and in fact has hitherto been, made the bed itself, resting on four supports, one at each corner, like an ordinary bed.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

### GENERAL STATE OF STATISTICS.

It appears, that, in manhood, when one person in 100 dies annually, two are constantly sick. Calculating from this datum and the yearly mortality of England and Wales, the total number constantly disabled by sickness will be at least 600,000 persons; and if the same proportions be extended to Scotland and Ireland, 1,130,000. Some tables prepared from the statistics of the Portsmouth Dock-yard, give these results:—"In the year, one man in six is seriously hurt—two in five fall ill. Each man on an average has an attack of illness, either spontaneously, or caused by external injury, once in every two years; and at an average each disease lasts fourteen days." And from returns from other yards, it would seem that the sick time of the dock-yard labourers is seven to eight per cent. of the lifetime. The elaborate returns of the East India Company's labourers give a lower proportion.—*M'Culloch's Statistics.*

### SINGULAR HARE HUNT.

A person shooting last winter on Mount Lebanon, when near the summit, on the side of a deep declivity, put up a hare, which took a downward course, and which he immediately shot; but the impetus of running caused her to roll over several times. The snow stuck to the skin, and formed a ball, which increased every turn. Dragged down by its own weight, which kept augmenting, it rolled to the foot of the mountain, and was so large and so hard, that the chasseur was obliged to call some peasants to "cut it open with their axes and spades to get pass out of her shroud."—*Sporting Magazine.*

### REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

Under this head, the Philadelphia Courier gives us the following wonderful snaky story:—"There is now residing in the vicinity of Tenth and Callowhill streets, a man who, four years ago, while drinking at a spring, swallowed a small snake, which still remains in his stomach, and has grown so large as to become exceedingly distressing and annoying. He has firmly resisted all efforts to coax or drive it from its, no doubt, comfortable lodgings. The poor man recently endeavoured, by refraining from eating for two or three days, to starve the reptile out, but it ascended his throat, and almost produced suffocation, till he was glad to commence eating again, when the afflicted patient could distinctly feel the pertinacious intruder busily devouring his feast! The sufferer is now under the care of several physicians, to whom he has expressed a desire to be opened, for the purpose of dislodging the enemy; but they have objections against this mode of attack, until they have tried to kill the animal, by introducing some liquid which has been prepared, and which they are obliged to pass down the patient's throat through a quill. We shall watch with interest the result of this singular affair, and let our readers know its termination. We have read of a snake being dislodged from the human stomach by fasting a short time, and holding the mouth over a bowl of boiled milk. We are not aware that it has been tried in this case.

### FROGS.

When the animal is about six weeks old, the hind legs appear, and, in about a fortnight, these are succeeded by the fore legs. Not long after, the form is completed, and then it ventures upon land. They now change their vegetable for animal food, of worms and slugs. The structure of the tongue is admirably adapted for seizing their prey. The root is attached to the fore part of the mouth, so that, when unemployed, it lies with the tip towards the throat. The animal by this contrivance is enabled to bend it a considerable distance out of the mouth, and swallows larger animals than could be conceived. They appear in immense numbers. Ray states that acres are covered with them. Hearne says, in Hudson's Bay they are frozen, and the limbs may be broken like a stick without any apparent sensation in the animal; they soon, however, revive with heat; but, if frozen again, they die. Their organs of respiration are curious; their two nostrils are in the upper part of the head; they are always seen with the mouth shut. The mouth seems to form a sort of bellows, of which the nostrils are the air-holes. Frogs live on the land the greater part of the year, and do not return to the water till the cold nights of October, when they retreat, for the winter, to the bottom of stagnant pools. They arrive at full age in about five years, and are supposed to live about twelve or fifteen. They are so tenacious of life, that they will continue to live, and will even jump about, several hours after their heads have been cut off. The hind legs of frogs are fricasseed, and their fore legs and livers put in soup, on the continent. The edible frog is considerably larger than the common frog, and, though rare in England, is common in Italy, France, and Germany. They are brought from the country in Vienna, three thousand or four thousand at a time, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories for them. There are only three great dealers in that city. They are caught at night, by means of lights and nets, or hooks baited with worms: in Switzerland, by long rakes, with close-set teeth, which are thrown into the water, and drawn suddenly out again. Bull-frogs make a loud noise. When alarmed, they leap to a surprising distance: when full grown, three yards, which, in proportion to their size, is about four times as far again as a man can leap. A cruel wager was made by the American Indians, to prove that a bull-frog, having the advantage of two leaps, would beat their swiftest runner. This was effected by having the race in the direction of a pond, and burning the poor frog's tail.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

### PRECEDENCE TO A BULLET.

General Meadows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitering party in the Mysore country, a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the General, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger, had he continued his route. Quick as lightning, he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled past, good-humouredly said, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

EDINBURGH : Printed and published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place.—Agents, W. S. OAK, London; G. YOUNG, Dublin; J. MACLEOD, Glasgow; and sold by all booksellers.